
The Gavelyte

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The Gavelyte, May-June 1909

Cedarville College

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The Gavelyte.

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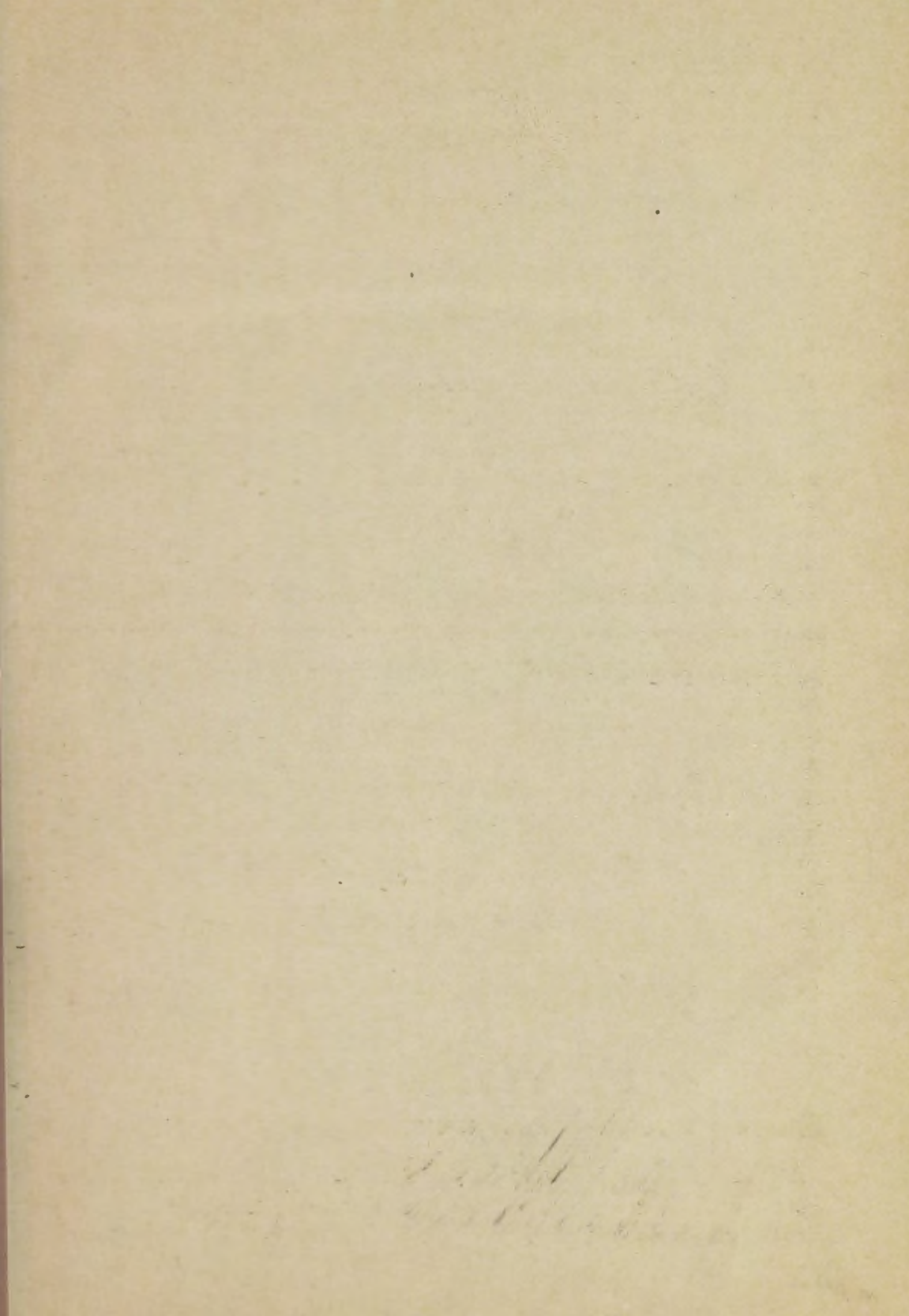
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Cedarville College.

The Gavelyte.

VOL. IV.

MAY, 1909.

Nos. 5 & 6.

The Two--and The Only.

DR. W. R. M'CHESNEY.

Matter is one of the two. It has distinguishing attributes. These are real, belonging to it, inseparably linked with it. They are 1st., trinal dimension; that is, length, breadth and depth—the fourth dimension being a mere fancy of some overwrought idealist's brain—; the second is impenetrability, not solidity or hardness, but the quality by virtue of which no more than one body can occupy a given portion of space at a time; the third is space occupancy. Matter, all matter, is limited by space. The fourth is mobility, the possibility of being moved. The fifth is mutability, the fact of change in form, place, and size. So far as science can learn, matter is indestructible but not independent. It is finite, contingent, dependent and its primal elements show the marks of manufacture, adaptation, and economy.

The other of the two is life. It has no attributes in common with matter and matter has none in common with it except origin, finiteness, dependence, and existence. Life has distinguishing attributes, which forever separate it by an impossible chasm from matter. The first of these is growth or development as seen in the plant, the body, the mind. The second is action or movement. The third is selection, negatively expressed, the elimination of the unnecessary. The fourth is propogation, or continuance. These four are common to vegetable and animal life. In addition to these animal life manifests sensation, consciousness, thought, emotion, and will. All animals possess these and the fore-going. Man, the highest of the animals, differs from the lower animals in being possessed of all these attributes in a higher degree, unattainable by the lower animals. He also is possessed of self-consciousness and the power to use his faculties to

other and higher ends than merely to satisfy his animal needs and sensual pleasures and temporal purposes. While biology clearly points to a common origin of the material nature of all existence, mineral, vegetable and animal; there is no substantial proof or suggestion even of the evolution of human life from a common beginning. The life of man both in quality and degree is so far superior in its higher phenomena to that of the highest of the lower animals as to warrant the conclusion of its special bestowment and adaption to the human animal.

Thus then there are these two and only two distinct substances, matter and life. The former reaches its highest development and use in connection with animal life as an organized substance; and the latter is found in its highest form in man.

(Life in this treatise is used in preference to the "shadowy" term, soul.)

Good Advice.

President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, publishes in the "Homiletic Review" an address given by him to the students of the college upon the occasion of the expulsion of a student for immorality. The president gives some wise counsel, based upon the teaching of the Book of Proverbs, but concludes his address with the declaration that "Our real reliance for right conduct on this point is that clear insight into consequence, which is the flower of education; and the unwillingness to have part or lot in bringing shame upon oneself or sorrow to another, which is the fruit of Christianity." Unfortunately for good morals, in college and elsewhere, these motives are not sufficiently powerful to restrain men from wrong-doing. The fear of consequence is precisely the thing that the wrong-doer scoffs at, and the shame and sorrow, which are only a part of the consequence, are the things that he disregards. These motives may restrain one man from wrong-doing, but be of no power with another who despises them. There is only one sure basis for good morals, and that is a new life, in Jesus Christ, and maintained by love for himself and through the following of his teaching and example. The colorless, bloodless, merely ethical Christianity which is suggested in President Hyde's words is not enough for college boys or business man. No one but God in Christ, by the Holy Spirit, can make a pure and saintly man out of a natural sinner.

--From issue of March 31st A. D. 1909.

Faithfulness.

There are some phases of college life that are more beneficial than others. One phase that is especially beneficial to the students while they are in college and also when they have gone from its doors out into the world is the one about which I wish to say a few words. It is the Literary training. It is worth as much to the student as his college course because in reality it is half of the course. Some do not seem to realize this and do not care whether they go to Literary on Monday night, or no. Perhaps they just barely get there when they are on program and say just enough to enable them to get their credits. Some one would probably say, "Well, isn't that all that is necessary, haven't I made my credits, and isn't that all the Faculty requires?" Yes, you have made your necessary credits which the Faculty requires, but in making those credits have you rendered your production, whatever it may be, for the good it will do you; have you put your whole soul energy into it, that others seeing may do likewise? Or perhaps you have given yourself the least possible time to prepare it and then when you rendered your production you did not seem to care whether you interested your hearers or not but got thru as quickly as possible, to have it over with in a hurry, and then to receive your credit. Now is that fair to one who has worked hard for his credits to get their full value? Is it fair to yourself when you could have received more benefit from it? You are undoubtedly wasting opportunities to help yourself and others who need it as much as yourself.

The interest taken in the Literary programs seems to me, an outsider, to be very little, and could by a little effort on the part of each one be increased a great deal.

If you haven't enough energy to do this work to benefit yourself, at least have pride enough in you, and be loyal enough to work for the up-building of your society, to make it a success whether you are or not, and in later years you can look back and say to yourself, "I did what I could while I was there, and tried to make a successful career for myself and a good name for my society." If every one can say that then you will have nothing to regret. Try it and see if you don't feel better, see if you can't arouse some interest and get things to booming. Everybody take hold and push hard and before you know it everyone will be interested and making things lively.

—An Alumnus.

The Making of a Man.

J. FRAZER NASH, '08.

The first step to failure is first doubt of self. This may come in the early years of boyhood when our young and immature minds are not able to grasp the true meaning of failure and defeat. A child should be taught to accept a successful life, to believe that he is born to develop the divine gifts bestowed upon him by the Almighty and that he should not misuse these precious gifts which are more valuable than all the wealth and riches one can gain.

The acorn is destined to become a great oak, and so, the child is destined to become a great man. But both alike must be cultivated with the greatest of care or else at some time later on there will be a great downfall. Children often lose faith at the start because they are told that they will fail in the thing they are trying to accomplish. It would, in a number of cases, do away with years of uncertain groping, doubt and fear, if children were, from their first days of understanding, made to feel that their parents and teachers respected their public efforts, their ideas and abilities, and expected important future work from them. Without this feeling a child will not grow up to honor himself, he will not, when he is older, be strong enough in himself to assert his own rights, as one who has been trained to honor and respect himself in the right way.

Perseverance and tact, says one, are the two great qualities most valuable for all men who would mount, but especially for those who have to step out of the crowd. "Perseverance," says Carlyle, "is the very hinge of all virtues." On looking over the world, the cause of nine parts in ten of the lamentable failures which occur in men's lives, is not in the want of talents, or the will to use them, but in the mode of using them. The smallest brook will in time hollow out for itself a considerable valley.

He who can be beaten but not broken; be victorious, but not vain-glorious; strive and contend for the prize and win it honestly or lose it cheerfully, he it is who "by a life heroic conquers fate." And he who conquers must not only have courage but he must abound with the love that is divine, sacred, true to mankind which is the love of God. A man may do uncountable things for others but he will not succeed unless he has that never dying love, which God is able to give to all those who ask him.

If we would succeed, we must expect success. The fear of failure and the constant contemplation of its possibilities have kept many a noble soul from succeeding. Believe firmly that, if you do not find a way, you can make one, and success will be yours.

Out of the many throngs around in this great world, I see a certain man, rising in spite of all the ridicule, the insults and the taunts that he has received from the hands of others. Upon his brow are beads of sweat and in his face you can depict years of toil, but above all there can be seen a mark that has brought him where he is. It is the mark of confidence, of self-honor and perseverance.

Fraude wrote that "a tree must be rooted in the soil before it can bear flowers or fruit. A man must learn to stand upright on his own feet, to respect himself, to be independent of charity or accident." For the instant he loses all these he goes down to the lowest plane of mankind, that of idleness. The world believes in the man who believes in himself, but it has no use for those who are timid, uncertain, careless, and who cannot rely on their own judgment. Those who have gone ahead and asserted their own rights, who have shown to the world that they were able to rely on themselves and not afraid of bluffs and jeers, have in the end accomplished something worth while.

A man who honors and respects himself will always be respected by those around him, although at first they may have thought him to be worthless, dull, and indifferent. Let us seek to be honorable, persevering, self-confident, and we can attain the height of our achievements.

Some years ago a poor lad in London determined to visit every office and place of business in the city until he should find a situation, no matter how long it might take. After many attempts, he at last received a situation and proved a valuable boy to his firm. What was it that obtained this for him? Was it idleness, was it what we call luck, was it inability, was it his talking about it that was instrumental in this? No, it was none of these, but it was that which goes in the making of every man and that is courage at the sticking point. Many have failed where others won, just because they did not have courage when they most needed it. Such courage had Columbus, Livingstone, Franklin, Abraham Lincoln and other men of less renown in our halls of fame. Would that all men had such courage as these have had, then this world would be better, nobler, purer and truer to God and to mankind.

Columbus, in the journal kept upon his most memorable voyage, day after day wrote these simple but sublime words. "This day we sailed westward, which was our course." Hope might rise and fall, terror and dismay seize upon the crew at the variations of the compass, but Columbus, unappalled, pushed on due west. Whatever be your course, North, South, East, or West, sail on day and night, and time and undaunting courage will bring you to your destination, which, after years perhaps of storm and sunshine, rain or snow, turmoil or strife, you will have reached.

Keep up your courage at the sticking point, and some day you shall catch a gleam of light leading you to the land of your long search.

"The whole sum of this title of life is service," said Phillips Brooks—service to others and not to self. It is service to others that makes us know what true love is, for it is then that we forget our selves, our own personal wants and desires, and think only of those about us, what we can do for them, and what they most need from us. We cannot understand the full meaning of God's love for his fellow men until we enter upon this life of service.

To cherish self is not service. You must lose self, make yourself so strongly a part of the whole world that you influence all the other parts, and more strongly cement them together. Take in some life, serve it and show it that there is a divine image hidden in it. Develop that image, and in so doing you benefit your own life as well. No man has come to true greatness, who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him he gives him for mankind.

The greatest thing a man can do for his Heavenly Father, it has been said, is to be kind to some of his other children. I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder than we are? How much the world needs us and how easily it is done. There is nothing so superbly honorable as love. Love never faileth. It is success, happiness, life, everything. We can honestly say with the Apostle Paul, "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

I see a picture of a few persons assembled in an upper chamber. They are eager, expectant, and waiting for someone to come into their midst, when lo! the Person they await suddenly appears. His whole soul is full of love for these men, and for their sakes and ours as well, Jesus Christ of

Galilee, had endured the agonies of the garden, had gone through trials and hardships and at last laid down his life on the cross. He had courage that no human person can conceive of, for he went through all that suffering without a murmur. He honored himself, for he mingled with men, but was not brought down to their level, but was ever purer, better, nobler, and truer to Himself and His God than any of us can ever be. His love for others is inestimable. Thus we have one who can be an example, a standard, a highest ideal to our desires and achievements. Through him we can obtain success, which is anchored by self-honor, courage, and love.

Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller, or better in heaven and earth, because love is born of God, above all created things, and cannot but rest in God.

Honor, courage and love, these three go hand in hand, from early boyhood until we are men, for they are the principles laid down by everyone who becomes a man. They are essential, prerequisite, and the most honorable in the making of a man.

Coals of Fire.

MISS FLORENCE WILLIAMSON, '11.

One beautiful day in late November, Fred Barton and Roy Vincent were seated in the big library of Whiteland Academy. They were engaged in reading the new magazines and incidentally searching for points for a debate which they were to have in their society. Their conversation turned after a time, from the discussion of the last foot ball game to the new students.

"How do you like Miss Sellars, Fred?" inquired Roy Vincent with a laugh. "I do not know. I have only met her once or twice but she seems to be a very nice girl," Fred replied. "Did you see her the day she came," asked Roy. "It was too funny. She is from out in country somewhere about ten or twenty miles perhaps, and she and her mother came to town in a springwagon. They were sitting up on a high seat and they had a small cook-stove, a tub, wash-board, skillet, and several more articles of the same kind in the back of the wagon. They looked exactly like the pioneers of 1840."

"I had not heard about it. It must have been before I came. You

know I did not come until after school had begun. She probably does her own cooking and washing. I know she does not board at the club. But even then I don't see why it should be so very funny. She is a very intelligent girl judging from her recitations, and just because she wishes to do her own work and save expense is no reason for mistreating her. Indeed I respect her more for it," said Fred kindly.

"Why you must be smitten already," laughed Roy.

"Not at all. But I think you are judging hastily," replied Fred.

At this point the subject was dropped as the boys left the library. Fred immediately forgot the conversation, but Roy could scarcely wait to find his chum to tell him how devoted Fred was to Miss Sellars. As the boys passed down stairs they noticed a small figure, with a very red face, sitting in one of the alcoves of the library. It was Ellen Sellars. She had heard the conversation and was deeply hurt. She was grateful however to Fred Barton for his kind words.

Ellen's mother was a widow with three children. They lived on a farm, and at times it was hard to make ends meet. She hoped that by sending Ellen to this school she might be able to teach school, and thus help the family. She had therefore rented a room in town, and Ellen was attending the school, and was doing her own cooking and washing to save all necessary expense. Ellen was hurt by the remarks, but she was brave and at once determined to forget about it if possible.

Whiteland Academy was not a select school, but it was an old school, and most of its pupils belonged to wealthy and aristocratic families. Fred Barton's father was a very wealthy banker, but he had sent his son to school here because he had gone to school here himself, and wished his son to be educated in the same dear old school.

Fred although the wealthiest of the pupils, was not proud or vain but a noble, kind hearted boy. Roy Vincent on the other hand loved fun and was determined to have it at what ever the cost. All the pranks that were played were always traced to Roy Vincent as the ring-leader.

In a few weeks the Midyear Promenade, as it was called, would take place. This occurred every year after the examinations were over. It was looked forward to with great expectation by all the students. The time was spent in dancing and other games, so that every one enjoyed himself. Every boy was expected to take his favorite girl, so that the affair was exciting in several ways.

The conversation in the library had put an idea in Roy's head, namely to write a note to Ellen Sellars asking for her company to the Midyear Promenade and sign Fred Barton's name. The idea was no sooner thought of than it was carried out.

In due time she received the invitation and was at first inclined to reject it. But at that moment her friend, Esther Marston, came in and she showed the note to her. "You are going to accept aren't you" asked Esther. "I don't think I will. I have no evening dress and I can not even dance," replied Ellen. "Oh, but you must. Fred Barton is the most popular boy in the school. He certainly wanted you to go, or he wouldn't have asked you. You can wash and iron your old white dress, and it will look very nice, and I will teach you to waltz. You don't need to all the time anyway. You can sit out part of them if you want to. Now answer that note right away and get to work", said Esther excitedly.

Ellen consented and wrote a note of acceptance to Fred. She then went happily to work to make her white dress presentable. Fred was surprised when he received her note, but he said nothing to anyone about it.

About a week before the affair, the students were gathered in the chapel for the daily devotional exercises. After these were over Dr. Brown arose with a very grave countenance and began to address the students.

"Young ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I am very sorry that I must speak again about the misconduct of some of our students. Dr. Gilroy told me this morning that his fine horse had been taken from his stable during the night and the old bony nag of Jonas Lyle, the rag-peddler, put in its place." A roar of laughter greeted this announcement. "This," he continued, "was of course intended for a joke, but it has been done so many times, that it has become an old story. The last time this was done, I said that if it was repeated and I found out who the culprit was, I would suspend him. I now desire that anyone who knows who did this to rise." No one rose.

Dr. Brown again spoke, "I would be sorry indeed to know, that any of my students would be guilty of the deed and is not manly enough to confess it." Then Ellen Sellars slowly rose to her feet.

"Miss Sellars is it possible that you are guilty. I can not believe it" exclaimed Dr. Brown.

"No sir," said Ellen slowly, "but I was out late last night studying

with a friend, and as I went home I saw some one changing the horses, and I saw who it was." She sat down. There was a breathless silence for a moment then Dr. Brown said, "Miss Sellars you may remain. The rest of you are dismissed to your classes."

Roy Vincent waited outside impatiently. Some of his friends offered consolation by saying that perhaps she would not tell. "Of course she'll tell, and I don't blame her if she does. She heard something I said about her in the library one day and now she has a splendid chance to get even. Go on to your classes, this is my dance and I'll pay the fiddler."

Presently Ellen and Dr. Brown came out. Ellen did not look at Roy, but went on to her class. Roy walked on with Dr. Brown. "I suppose she told you who it was," said Roy. "No, she did not." Dr. Brown replied, "She seemed to have told that to ease her conscience, and refused to tell anything further."

"She didn't," exclaimed Roy. "Well I am surprised. Of course, I may as well confess, and take my punishment. I supposed that she would tell on me, because she overheard something I said about her in the library and it was a good chance to get even." "I do not think Miss Sellars is the kind of a girl to like to get even. She is a brave kindhearted girl. You should be very grateful to her, for if she had told, you would have been suspended at once. But since you have confessed yourself, I will give you another chance, but remember this is to be the last of these pranks" said Dr. Brown emphatically. "There will be no more pranks. Thank you for your kindness," said Roy as he left him.

The next day Roy met Fred in the hall. "Say, Fred, did you get a note of acceptance from Miss Sellars," asked Roy. "Yes, I did," said Fred quietly. "Well what are you going to do about it," inquired Roy. "Why I am going to take her of course and, if you want to know it, I am glad of the chance," replied Fred.

In a few days the event came off. True to his word Fred Barton was Ellen's escort and she looked very sweet in her fresh white dress. After their arrival he was relieved from further duty by Roy, who was very attentive to Ellen and asked for two dances. They danced the first and Ellen found that she could as well as most of those present. They talked of flowers, the music and other similar topics.

The next Ellen preferred to sit out and they found an unoccupied seat

at the end of the hall. They talked for a while of their schoolwork and of other happenings of the school and then Roy turned the conversation to his late escapade.

"I have been waiting an opportunity to tell you how grateful I am to you for saving me from being suspended. I have been in several other affairs of the kind and was threatened with expulsion at the next offense. More than that my father has become tired of my pranks and has said, that if I am suspended he will not let me come back again. You would not tell, and I confessed myself and was let off with a severe reprimand," said Roy earnestly.

"Oh, I don't think that I did anything but what anyone would have done," said Ellen. "Yes it was," said Roy, "for you had a good reason for telling on me, for I know you heard what I said about you in the library and it was a good chance to pay me back."

"But I forgave you for that at once. I know we looked funny, and you could not help laughing about it. But I wanted to come to school, and that was the only way," said Ellen sweetly.

"Well, I am sorry I said that any way. And in the future I shall be very careful of my remarks as well as my actions. My opinion of you has greatly changed since then I wish that we might be friends. Will you?" asked Roy. "I shall be glad to," answered Ellen.

Alumnus, Guess Who It Is.

MISS JULIA HARBISON, '09.

About 30 years ago, we hesitate to give the exact date as the subject is a bachelor, a certain young man, deeply interested in Cedarville and its college at present, first saw the light of day in a two-story frame house a short distance from Jamestown on the Cedarville pike. Doubtless those who first looked at him could not but notice the look of determination in his bright blue eyes, and predict a great future for him along the line of science and education.

This child grew in mind and body. His parents being farmers, he of course learned all of the rudiments of farm life and the good habits. But something different seemed to be calling him. His active brain was not satisfied with the monotony of following the plow. The stars had much more

attraction for him than the brown dirt, he wanted to know more of the things about him; what they were made of, how they came to be there and what was their destiny. Doubtless his father grew tired of sending him to the field to go out in an hour or so to find him sitting under a tree with a small magnifying glass trying to analyze a piece of stone, so he decided that if he were to be no good as a farmer he ought to go where he could learn to amount to something. Thus fate decreed that this young man entered the doors of Cedarville College for the first time one bright September morning in 1898. And never was there such a career in Cedarville College before nor since. For six years, he drove almost every day from home to college, never missing a day or being tardy once, always driving the same horse but it is hardly possible that one buggy stood all of the travel unless it were made after the pattern of "The One Hoss Shay."

No girl's beautiful face, charming manner or coquettish laugh ever allured him to spend an evening in her parlor, no spreads no matter how elaborate or tempting ever caused him to diverge one bit from the path of knowledge. No indeed! This young man was not the one to idle time. Never did he close his book or shut his eyes in slumber until every lesson was mastered whether it be three p. m. or three a. m.

Though a member of the Philosophic literary society he never took any active part yet he was always a good and true member, and it was one of the boasts of the society that if they didn't have any other member to put up against the Philos they were sure of him, and on commencement day in 1904 we find him the star orator of the day and second in his class.

Such is the college career of one whom the college could not afford to lose, so he was chosen to fill the vacancy in the chair of mathematics in his Alma Mater, a place he was fully qualified to take, having made a great success in that branch.

Two years later he was chosen instructor of science for which position he had fitted himself by special study at the State University. So we see that the visions of his youth when he sat under the tree when he was supposed to be ploughing are manifesting themselves.

Having done his studying faithfully in the days of his youth, we find him having time for other things now. His thots sometimes wander from chemistry and astronomy, and his fancy lightly turns to thots of love when he imagines that he is up in the air. He does not often walk straight

down town but is sometimes allured by the pleasant smile of a lady by the riverside. Spreads are his chief delight, and his brains are often used as a key by the other boys to reach the goal. He is very fond of sports, especially those of Winter; is a success at football, skating, tennis and many other games.

He has a great knowledge of basket ball so was elected to the position of coach and manager of the girl's team in opposition to one who has a bad reputation for keeping late hours.

This man always has a welcome from the students wherever he appears with his stately step always accompanied by a pleasant smile and winning way whether it be on the street, the campus, in the class room or in dress suit at an evening entertainment.

For a man with such a beginning what may he not accomplish? We predict a great future for him and wish him a long life of continued success and prosperity. May we each one learn a lesson from this man's noble life. Whether it be in work or play, stick to it until it is done and make use of every opportunity. There is light ahead.

Allison's Heart Course.

Baby Margaret was in the hammock down under the apple tree. A shining tin pan was on the grass beside her and her little pink gingham lap was piled high with pea pods, for the baby always begged the task of shelling the peas and spent many a bright morning over her beloved game. She made up little stories while she opened each green satin house and disclosed the fat pea babies snugly sleeping in a row.

The golden sunshine spilled down through the leafy roof above and once a little hard, green apple came down with a thump on the golden curls, to be met with first a startled cry, and then a ripple of laughter. Just now she was singing a little song and rocking back and forth a long pod filled with unusually large peas.

“Little green babies,
Rocked in a hammock,
Little green babies,
Go right to s’leep.”

Over and over, the funny little verse was sung and the bright head was

bent down so persistently that a dark one rose behind the low stone wall unnoticed, followed by two broad shoulders, then the whole, long figure swung over the wall and seating himself on top, the boy's moody, dark eyes softened and began to twinkle at the pretty picture. A loose stone rolled down with a clatter, the bright head turned suddenly and down went a shower of green pea pods, to loose themselves in the grass, while two fat, little hands were held out and an estatic, baby voice cried.

"Oh, goody, goody! Come on, Teddy. You can help me wiv the peas and tell me about what Mr. Toodlekins did next."

Ted accepted the invitation at once and swinging his long self off the wall, took a seat in the hammock and began to pick up the scattered peas. Margaret watched him approvingly.

"I has'n't seen you for yesterday and yesterday and a whole lot more yesterdays," she said reproachfully.

"Why don't you come over any more evenings? You comed every day last summer and in Christmas vacation and some this summer and it was foxy. Oh, I forgot, mamma said I mustn't say that. What for can't I say 'foxy' when you say it sometimes? And why don't you come, Teddie?" persisted the coaxing, little voice.

The shadow had crept back to the boy's eyes and he was gazing off across the lawn, over the river and farther yet. But at the repeated question he answered absently.

"Oh, because. Nobody wants me over here."

The big blue eyes opened wide in surprise and the baby clutched his coat sleeve as though he had started away and with a queer little catch in her voice she exclaimed.

"They do too, 'course they do, mamma and papa and Allison—"

Ted gave a short laugh but the little voice went on.

"Allison does and I do too, 'course I do. I like you, my Teddie."

The boy's eyes came back from distance and looked down into the grieved blue ones. Then his big arm went around the fat little shoulders and he said, "Good for you, Margie. You wont turn me down and make a fool of me, will you?"

Margaret looked at him seriously. "What's 'make a fool of'?" She inquired. Ted laughed outright at the earnest little face and said, "Well, I haven't told anyone but I do need sympathy. Margie, do you know what a

secret is and will you keep one if I tell it to you?"

Margaret's eyes grew more solemn, if possible, than before as she answered, "Course I do. Allison tells me secrets and I never tell. I wont tell any-body."

Ted reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a paper, spread it out on his knee. It showed a pencil sketch and a very clever one. It showed a country road, a girl standing near a broken tree at one side, a smile on her lips, while in the foreground was a meek looking donkey, apparently as gentle and innocent as a lamb, while sprawling in the dust where he had just been thrown was a long-legged youth, with the most comical look of disgust and embarrasment and rage on his face. Down in one corner were the initials A. L. As Ted looked at the picture he laughed in spite of himself and Margie's face crinkled all up in the most delicious curves, while her merry laugh rang out.

"Is that you, Teddy?" she asked. "Yes, it's me, all right," replied the boy with a college senior's charming disregard of grammar.

"What I ever got on Rex Anderson's fool donkey for is more than I know. I didn't expect to meet anyone on the road though. I don't blame Allison for thinking there were two donkeys instead of one but she didn't need to do this."

"Allison?" queried Margaret wonderingly. "Yes," replied Ted, "See those initials"? "Then," he went on wrathfully, "she made this and handed it around at Mrs. Dean Meridith's party. I couldn't go and she knew I wouldn't be there Rex got this there and gave it to me the next day but wouldn't tell me who made it or took it to the party. I guess he forgot I knew who was the girl who saw me that day and that those initials were on the picture."

Margaret was listening intently. She did not understand very well, only that Allison had drawn the picture and made fun of Ted and that it hurt him.

"So," finished the boy, "you see it isn't much wonder I haven't been over here much the last month."

Then suddenly realizing, as he pulled the yellow curls, how young his listener was, he laughed and added, "Never mind, dear. Forget all about it and don't tell anyone. I'll slip over to see you sometimes"

The two fell on the peas energetically but after a few minutes Margaret

said sadly, "There's such a many words, Ted. I don't see why for there's so many words for one thing. Now Allison calls it 'sketching' and papa says 'drawing' and what do you suppose Hilda calls it?"

Ted laughed as everyone did at the mention of Hilda, Mrs. Lester's English cook who was always getting into trouble with the letter "h."

"She said," went on Margaret, "that Allison's heart course must be nearly finished and Allison said she was tired of studying in this country and was going to Europe with aunt Kate next fall."

The peas suddenly dropped from Ted's fingers. After a minute he said with a grim little smile.

"I guess the only heart course I'll ever take is done too. I'll race you to that old apple tree, Margie and then I must go."

That evening about sunset, Margie, hand in hand with her big, six-foot father and trying to match her little foot steps to his long stride, started for a stroll down the quiet, tree-arched, country road. Her mother was entertaining a caller on the verandah and Allison was swaying back and forth in the hammock, her sketching book in her lap but her eyes gazing off across the lawn, over the river and farther yet.

Out of sight went the big and little stroller, around another turn and by a broken tree Margie stopped suddenly and looked around.

"Why, this is the place," she began and then put a determined little hand over her mouth.

"Hello, you two!" called a voice near by. All around they looked, up and down and at last discovered the owner of the voice up in a tree, a little back from the road and completely hidden from it.

"Arthur Long!" exclaimed Margie's father with a laugh. "Do you think you are a bird or a tree frog?"

Mr. Long swung down from his perch and lifted Margaret to his shoulder before replying.

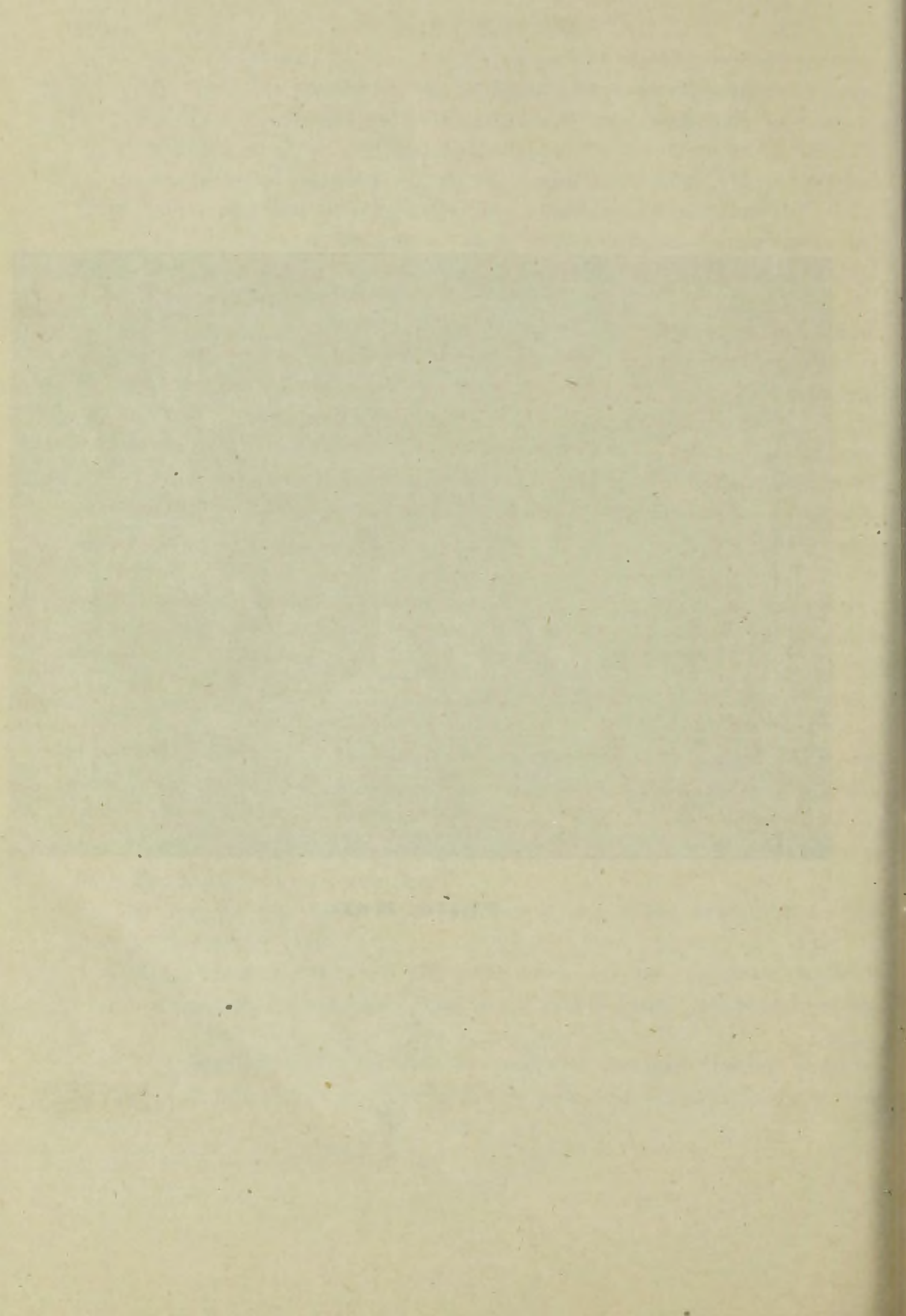
"There's a lovely view of the river from my seat up there," he said, "and you can see this road too. Here is the sketch I have just been working at"

Mr. Lester admired it, as well he might but Margie, leaning down so suddenly that she almost lost her balance, pointed a fat little finger at the initials.

"What's that?" she demanded.



Philo Hall.



"My initials, little one," answered the artist. "Those stand for Arthur Long." Margie looked at him, a great light dawning in her eyes.

"Did you ev-ever draw a d-donkey, Mr. Arthur Long?" she stammered in haste.

"A donkey!" said her friend in surprise. "Why, no, or yes I did," beginning to laugh. "Once I saw a friend of yours fall off a donkey and I drew that. It was very funny and I would show it to you but some friend or foe stole it and I don't know—here, where are you going? You don't want down yet, surely."

"Yes, I do, this very minute," announced Margie, wriggling out of his detaining grasp. "You walk with papa please. I must go right back."

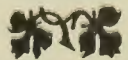
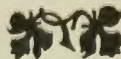
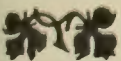
The two men watched the little flying figure disappear around the turn and then strolled on towards the river. A short distance from home Margaret caught up with Ted who was striding along, his hat pulled down over his eyes which were turned determinedly away from the swaying white blur across the lawn in the hammock.

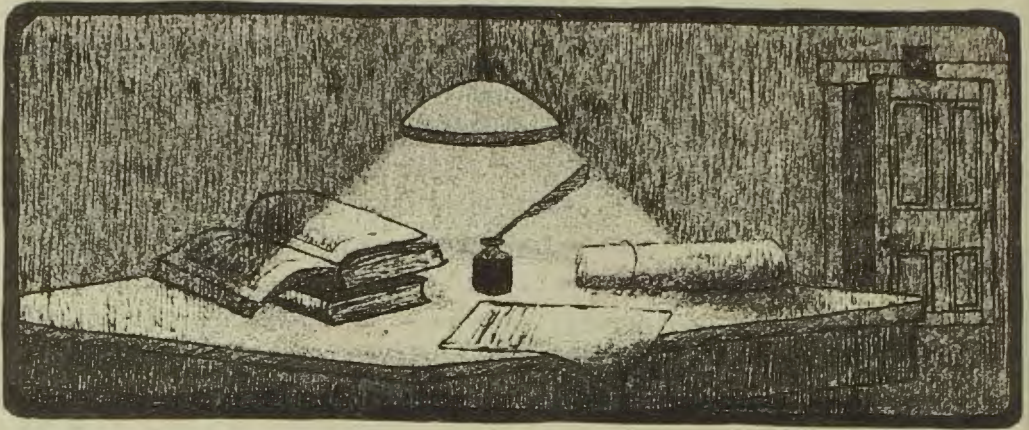
"Teddie, come quick!" panted Margie, dragging the unwilling and protesting youth over the grass to the hammock. "Allison," she exclaimed, "here's Ted and Mr. Long drew that donkey picture and he sat up in a tree by the road and papa and I found him and his initials are A. L., too and Ted thought you made it and it's all right now, isn't it, and Teddie can come over every day and tell us about Mr. Toodlekins, can't he?"

At this extremely lucid explanation a light had come over the face of both her listeners. "Did you think I drew that horrible picture?" asked Allison and joined in Ted's laugh as he answered ruefully, "I've been a donkey ever since that day."

"Goody!" remarked Margie, to the apple tree probably, for the other two had started off across the lawn together. "Now maybe Allison will finish her heart course here instead of going to Europe." And Allison did.

(The writer of this story requests that her name be withheld.)—Editor.





EDITORIAL

WILLIAM HAWTHORNE, JR., '00, EDITOR.
W. P. HARRIMAN, '11, ASSO. EDITOR.

There is light ahead!

Heartiest greetings to the Home
Comers!

Not long ago, the appeal went forth from our secretary, "Seventy-five new students for next year." Some deem this impossible, but already advances toward attainment have been made; certainly, the order of things in the college course should become a deciding factor in inducing many to choose Cedarville as their college home. Catalogue containing full description of courses can be procured from Dr. McChesney very readily.

A word here as to the new curriculum might be helpful. As may be seen from the new catalogue, the faculty, next year, will be augmented, and the courses of study revolutionized. The feature that should interest everyone is the introduction of numerous electives which may be taken in connection with the required studies. The preparatory will be lengthened to four years. The new collegiate course contains electives in Chemistry, Economics, English, German, French, Geology, Greek, Hebrew, History, Latin, Mathematics, Pedagogy, Philosophy, Psychology, Physics, Political Science, Sociology, and work in music and oratory being accredited in place of other work. The electives in Economics and Sociology

afford ample opportunity for culture in these lines reaching the standard of large universities, that in English includes the study of English and American Literature, English Poetry, Shakespeare, The Essay, The Novel, and a broader course in Pedagogy offers increasing facilities to those who desire to become teachers, and affords the opportunity to other students to add to their mental outfit. Altogether, the course looks promising and its introduction will bring Cedarville in line with the best colleges of the state, while others who have name and numbers will be left completely in the cold unless their courses are strengthened to meet the educational requirements of the day.

Another time we must bid God-speed to a member of our faculty. J. Raymond Fitzpatrick, '04, for the past few years professor of Mathematics and of Science, has resigned from the faculty, and we are informed that it was only after repeated refusals to reconsider that our president was finally persuaded that Prof. Fitzpatrick really meant what he said. One of our sweet girl graduates has expatiated elsewhere on the virtues and the powers of the professor so we will just give to him the best wishes of student body and faculty for a successful career as man

as student and as teacher in his new work, at the State University, the coming year.

June 3rd, 1909, that day long looked for by the members of the class of '09, is fast drawing nigh. For four years, more or less, seven boys and girls have tramped laboriously up the hill, have walked in the college corridors, recited in the different rooms, performed in literary societies, cheered on athletic teams, rejoicing at every victory, fighting bravely on in time of defeat and now, that Commencement Week is upon us, it seems hardly possible that these good old college days, that we had learned to believe in childhood life such a bug-bear, have already slipped past us, and that many of us are face to face with life's realities, and must gracefully accept a share of the burden of the world's work. One cannot but think that the closing days of this year have brought each of us closer together, and though where seven minds are working to a given end there may be some slight friction, and though in past years, everything has not been as lovely as we would wish, yet, the air of Commencement Week brings the spirit of forgiveness to each heart. '09 leaves the institution with love for it, thankful for what she has done for them, glad if they have done anything for her,

conscious, too, that greater and more successful days are dawning for their Alma Mater, and only regretful that their share in college life is to a great extent a thing but of memory. We extend our heartfelt thanks for the

interest faculty and students alike have taken in this class, asking that Divine strength may be accorded them in future years, and that the members of '09 may not be forgotten as they move on in their chosen spheres of life. Valeté!

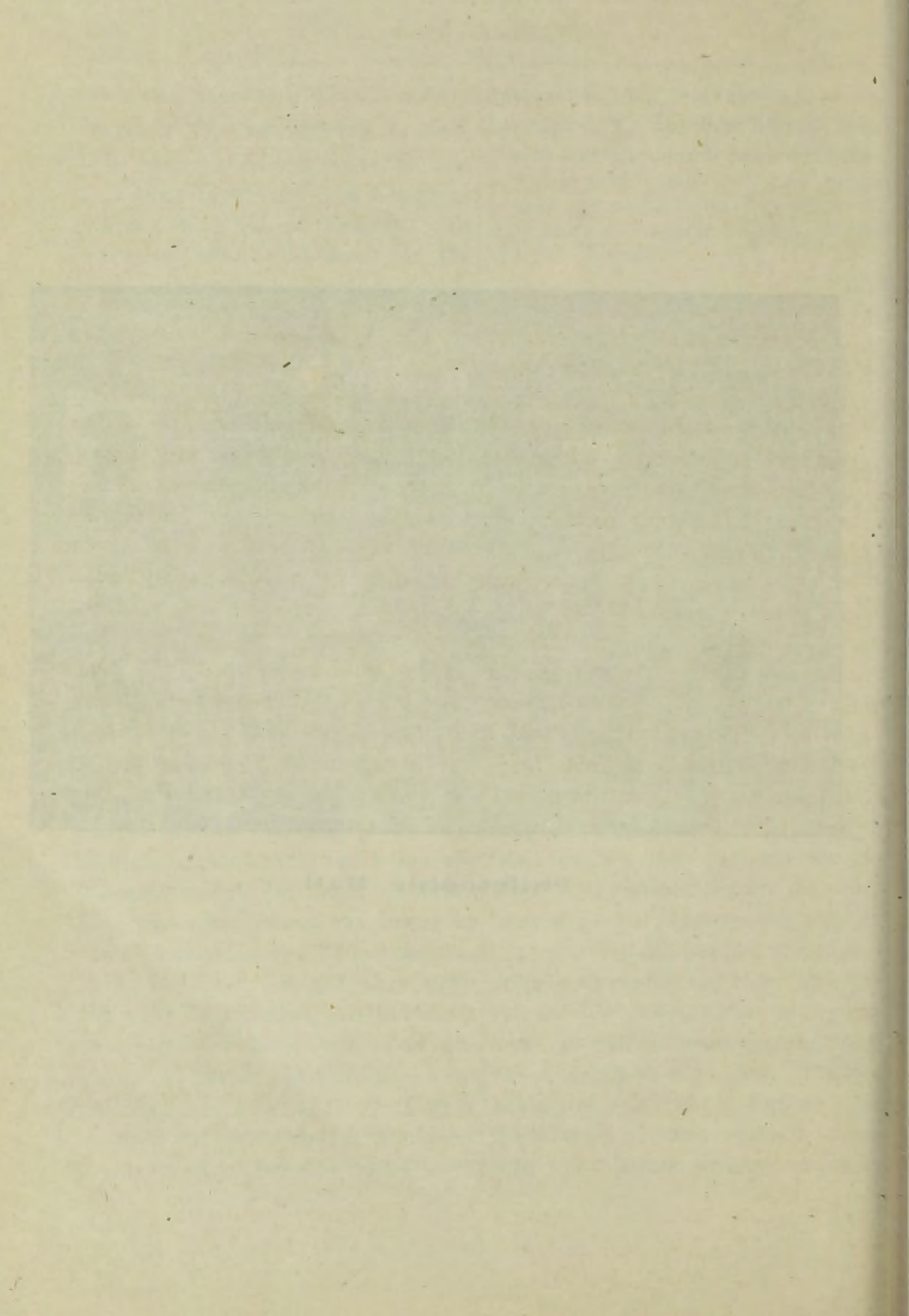


At last you have come back! The town is filling with former students and that rare being, who in future years will be spoken of by our college editors as "the old grad." Perhaps no place within the college walls will interest you quite so much as those two large upper rooms, the homes of the Philadelphian and Philosophic literary societies. Would that some older mind than mine, one doubtless steeped with college traditions because of longer associations, were guiding this pen. To the former students and graduates of whatever literary society they may be we write,

"Greetings to you, alike from Philo and Philosophic literary societies." As you stand once more within the sacred precincts of your society hall there will pass before you recollections that are only hallowed by the places, the associations and the associates of youth. Perhaps the old partisan spirit, that spoke of the superiority of things of "my class" and "my college days" will render you somewhat critical, but remember to exercise a judgment of charity. Perhaps again your mind will be thrilled with the memory of some splendid declamation or stirring oration, well-writ-



Philosophic Hall.



ten essay or convincing debate; perhaps you will recall those stirring evenings at Commencement time, when society met society, when closest friends for the time being become bitterest enemies, perhaps your society lost, or perhaps you, dear reader personally may have reaped the pleasant fruits of victory, or perhaps you tasted of the bitter pangs of defeat—time healeth all scars, and Philo and Philosophic of “ye past” can greet each other warmly, congratulating themselves that in their time of need these two literary societies held wide their doors and spurred their several members up the path that leads to truth, to success and to personal happiness.

It is but filling space to write the history and the life of these literary societies which you know so well so we will not. But to-day, both societies are striving to make their work effectual, and though each society is, as usual, cursed with those who refuse to take advantage of literary training, yet the outlook is good. A new system of society work has been introduced here since your day, former student—now each student MUST take literary work, being graded a certain number of points for each selection according to its class, and too each selection must be of a certain length or take a certain time in de-

livery. This sytem has in many cases been successful; we believe that it will reach its greatest success next year; that friend of Cedarville and all that is Cedarville’s has recently offered a prize of \$10 per semester to that literary society which for that semester has obtained the greatest number of accredited points. Each society, you see, has the chance to win, with some slight and beneficial effort, the princely sum of \$20 in gold, and what wouldn’t that amount do toward improving the appearance of either Literary Hall. The literary work of to-day depends largely upon the work of a few wise ones; that of the coming year one cannot help but note will be made to rest upon each individual of each society. If there is any loyal spirit to a literary society, surely, this offer will do much to encourage it and to develop literary possibilities of students. Dr. Alford has the gratitude of all Philo and Philosophic members for his kindly interest. During the past year, monthly joint meetings have been held in behalf of the Y. M. C. A. Building Fund, which some of our contemporaries seem disposed to consider as a joke.

Probably no organization ever established here holds in its power the key to human lives more than do the Y. M. and the Y. W. C. A’s. of our

college. The Y. M. formed in March, 1907, has had a precarious existence indeed, not very many years ago the proposal to abandon it was made, but rather fortunately, better opinions prevailed. And for the Y. W. there is light ahead! Weekly prayer meetings have been held and efforts to build up the religious nature of fellow students made, so that the work has not been in vain. Through the efforts of Prof. Agnes Jean Smith, the young ladies of the college met recently and organized a Y. W. C. A., and more recently, Miss Helen Sewell, Y. W. C. A. Secretary, lent her gentle influence to our girls and helped them in some plans for the coming year. Still more recently, the Christian organizations of the college held a box social in aid of the booklet they aim to publish before next school year and they realized quite a tidy sum for this cause. Again, there is light ahead! With the courage of small beginnings, a faith in the little things, the Y. M. and Y. W. should realize the master task which they have as a part of the Student Christian Movement to mould student lives after the pattern of the Great Teacher and thus uplift humanity.

For two years C. C. has been a member of the State Oratorical Association, competing very favorably against sister colleges of much larger

student body than herself. The results of both years but make C. C. loyal sons and daughters the more intensely desire to bring to their Alma Mater, the honor of first place in the next State Contest. Her debating teams this year won and lost to Muskingum college. The first girls' debate, as far as known, between college women resulting favorably to Cedarville.

Bible Contest

The second annual Bible reading contest was held in the U. P. church; there were eighteen entries; the book read, the Book of Job; and the judges, Dr. Kyle and Dr. Wistant, of Xenia seminary, and Judge C.H. Kyle. After considerable discussion, due to the closeness of the contest, they awarded the 1st prize of \$5 to Miss Ada Allen, of Wooster; 2nd prize of \$3 to Andrew Creswell, of Cedarville, and 3rd prize of \$2 to Ernest Foster, of Salineville. Bible contest is one of the contests of the year.

The prettiest place in Cedarville is the college campus. Alumnus, just take a squint at it, and thank our janitor, T. V. Iliffe, for his care of this strip in front of the college. "T. V." uses many hours and much muscle each Spring, keeping the campus in splendid shape.



ALFORD MEMORIAL (Gymnasium)

ATHLETICS.

Athletes and athletics will have powerful incentives here next year. During the past year C. C. supported a foot ball team which, though handicapped in several ways, held its own with surrounding colleges. Our basket ball team more than upheld its splendid record of last year, but we were practically compelled to abandon base ball because some of our students don't believe in athletics unless you have star athletes. Within the next few years these same individuals will see the spectacle of our coach, A. L. Palmer, '09, Wooster U, taking a raw country boy and drilling him into a star in the different lines of sport. Already schedules are being made out for next year. Thus far Earlham U. and, we believe, Antioch are to be met in basket ball; our schedule becomes better every year, and already, for next Winter, the team of the University of Pittsburgh has agreed to play here. Base ball thus seems to be the weak spot. Coach Palmer comes well prepared to lead our athletics, having played tackle on Wooster's foot ball team and centre and forward on her basket ball team. The college basket ball team will be weakened by the graduation of McClellan and Confarr but with a little more seasoning, several of this year's squad will be fit candidates for their places.

Thanks.

The Class of '09 desires to express in this way its thanks to those of the under class men who by their presence and sacrifice of time and labor have done so much to make the class play, "Half-Back Sandy", such an assured success. Also to Prof. Agnes Jean Smith and to Prof. Allen, who have attended class meetings and have lent their advice to the production of this play.

Senior Doings.

Senior Prayer Meeting was held May 13th, J. K. Williamson, president of the Junior class, leading, and the subject being Ps. 121st. Great spiritual interest was manifested and the out-going class strengthened.

Senior-Junior base ball game resulted 10-3 in favor of the Seniors. Foster, the pitcher for the Senior team, had the opposing lower class men biting the dust, and aided by the spectacular fielding of McClellan, the victory was won for the Senior side. Quite a bunch of college girls watched the contest from the college steps.

Senior spread that evening was enjoyed by nearly the entire student body and faculty. This was a fitting climax to a day given over in former years to class rush.

Chapel Lectures.

Several good lectures have been given in chapel since our last edition. One Monday morning, Chaplain Stewart, of Wilberforce, addressed us forcibly. Prof. Clark, of the same institution, recommended that not only was there need of cool, calculating judgment to-day, but also, that which has in it the deep inmost feelings of the heart. Rev. L. E. Hawk, an evangelist, also spoke.

Rev. McKee, Pittsburg, spoke advising first, that a strong body be formed; second, that a good mind be another aim; third, that Christ be a part of every life.

Rev. Foster, of Salineville, the parent of two of our "prep" students, pointed out the supremacy of this century as compared to other centuries, stating that each epoch making century was prepared for by previous centuries, and that in a very special way the 19th was a preparation for the 20th century. "Push on" was the keyword of his address. He predicted greater things than even at present are.

Croquet is the favorite pastime of many of the members of Fellowship Inn and the plot of ground between Dr. McChesney's and the boarding club is the scene of many a close struggle.



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SESSION for 1909-10 OPENS WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1909

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Department of Medicine

H. M. SEMANS, D.D.S., Dean
Department of Dentistry

H. R. BURBACHER, G. PH., Dean
D. partment of Pharmacy

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Reminiscences.

PROF. F. A. JURKAT.

In the midst of his shipwreck, Aeneas tells his comrades to cheer up, for some day the recollections of their past troubles will be a source of joy to them. Accordingly we are glad that those times are past when those lamb-like brothers of the class of 1900 used to throw erasers at each other, and that the dexterity then acquired is being utilized in throwing missiles at the enemy of souls. We remember those gloomy days that followed the picnic of '93, when tuition was so hard to collect, when second-hand books rented for one-fourth of the purchase price, and when the old board-walk up to the College barked the shins of the unwary pedestrian. We recall the old habit of making up studies on the side, and what a howl was raised when the practice was discontinued. We recollect the time that Elder lost that \$20 bill, and how the class of '97 gave a class-night performance on one day's practice. We call to mind when every students' organization had money in the treasury and all debts paid, when the foot-ball team went through a season without losing but one game, and how our base-ball squad avenged a 44 to 0 defeat with a 64 to 0 victory. We

can still see Cal Morton making that home run in the Sabina game, and recall when John Finney was no bigger than Bobbie Dean. But we had better quit before we get down to individual cases, or we may run into a libel suit.

Starling College.

Those students who have an inclination toward medicine or dentistry or pharmacy, would do well to read the announcement of Starling Ohio College, in the advertising section of this paper. Starling Ohio is a merge-ment of Starling Medical College and Ohio Medical University. At present one of our Alumni, Mr. Claude Estle, is taking his course there and is well pleased with the work. Catalogs can be obtained by addressing the Registrar.

Professor:—"You're canned."

Student—"What for?"

Professor:—"Never mind I'll find some reason between now and the time for you to leave."

Mrs. McChesney:—(to Grace coming in at a very late hour) Has the light gone out?

Grace:—I think not for I have been on the porch all evening and it hasn't gone past me.

Alumni News.

PROF. J. R. FITZPATRICK, '04.

Since the last issue of the Gavelyte, the Home-Coming Committee has not been idle. Almost three hundred invitations have been sent out to Old Students, Professors and Alumni. About seventy-five or eighty have answered and out of that number about fifty-five have said that they would come. With these prospects the Committee is very much encouraged. A great number of answers are yet expected.

The Athletic Association has appointed one of the students to take charge of the Field Day exercises. A number of contests are to be arranged in which the Alumni and Old Students may take part. The greater number will likely be back on Wednesday and Thursday.

The following persons have signified their intention to attend:

Mary Cooper, H. S. Stevenson, Sarah McCown, Ethel Collins, Margaret Rife, Pearl George, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Ware, Mrs. D. L. Crawford, Andrew Winter, Margaret Lackey, Foster McMillan, Roy Henderson, Lulu Henderson, Jay Wolford, Luella Wright, Raymond Bull, Joe Finney, W. H. Hanna, W. R. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Hanna, Carrie Hutchison, Ina Murdock, Charles

Galbreath, Edith Morris, Ruth Flatter, Roy McFarland, C. C. Morton, J. C. George, Roy Marshall, Louise Smith, George Stewart, Mary Little, Belle Middleton, J. C. Marshall, Gowdy Williamson, Mary Ramsey, Ohmer Tate, Paul Ramsey, Mrs. Frank Goe, Walter Condon, Carrie Rife, John Nash, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Wilson, Walter Shaw, Mrs. Clarence Northup, J. M. Finney, Anna Robb, Mable Robb, Mrs. Eva R. Dean, R. B. Shaw, Olin Dobbins, Wallace Rife, Frank H. Dean, Fred Clemans, Edna Townsley, Florence Russel.

John Finney and George Stewart are home from Medical College.

Rev. Walter Condon, of Clarion, Iowa, is back for the Home-Coming.

Prof. L. T. Marshall will soon leave to take up his new duties as Clerk of Court at Xenia.

Dr. J. C. George, of Dayton State Hospital, visited his parents here from Saturday until Monday.

Rev. and Mrs. R. B. Wilson are visiting Mrs. Wilson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Orr, and will be here for the Home-Coming.

Prof. J. C. Marshall has resigned his position as Supt. of the Township

Schools and will study law next winter.

Rev. and Mrs. Milton Hanna, of Apple River, Ill., are the guests of Rev. Hanna's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Hanna.

Local News.

Reporters } GRACE BECKLEY, '12
 { WENDELL FOSTER, '12.

Au Revoir!

Bye, Seniors!

Auf Wiedersehen!

Dancing taught by monkeys at the Club every evening.

Have you paid your subscription for the Gavelyte yet?

Have you seen Wendell Foster's new hat? It's a present.

Apply to Ream Shrodes for a good definition of "discrimination."

It's commencement week bring your hatchet and lend a hand in lifting.

The last term of this year has been so filled, that it glided by as though a dream.

Wm. Waide is a Freshman in the senior class play. Can't you tell it by his actions.

Dr. McChesney's yard has been

turned into a croquet court by members of aunt Mary's club.

R. W. Ustick has been elected Secretary of the State Oratorical Association.

Getting high toned here. Nothing less than the Juniors banquet the Seniors.

The H. S. Commencement exercises revealed that C. C. was going to secure some able material next Autumn.

The Gavelyte has a large family of advertisers this month. Let Cedarville people show appreciation by helping those who help us.

Editor "Gavelyte"—Well, haven't you been 'fired' yet?

Typesetter:—No, nor I don't expect to be as long as you bring 'copy' into this office.

Chairman social committee: "Have you the punch ready for the reception, Ritter?"

Ritter: "Yes I've a punch that will knock them out in one round."

Shaw (in Senior Play)—"No, I'm a Zebra."

Snigglefritz—"Better say a giraffe, Shaw."

Shaw (blushing)—"But it's not in my neck."

Dr. McChesney and President McKinney were absent in Philadelphia,

during the meeting of General Synod. Dr. McChesney's classes were heard by the members of the Faculty.

Remember Ivy Day at the college. This is to be a grand feature this year, a class history, class prophesy, and class poem will be read by different young ladies of the class.

"Confession is good for the soul." Cal Wright took advantage of this truism, when, after remarking that he would translate freely "Non numero sed virtute" said, in fact that's the only way I ever could translate Latin.

Wm. Hawthorne, Jr., born and reared in the city, has become enamored of country life. Instead of a minister he may become a farmer.

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Special Rates To Students.

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Everett, P. C. Weaver, Bush & Gerts, Victor and Autotone Player pianos. Phonographs and Records.

Everything known in music.

STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN!

You can Look and Listen all you please, and you will hear all you desire as to where you can buy your clothes. But---

STOP, LOOK, and LISTEN
and you will discover it safer to deal with

R. S. Kingsbury,

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If You Want

A Nice, Swell-looking, Good-fitting, Spring Suit, please give us a call.

We have the goods in stock to make them for you, to measure.

The Finest Line of Woolens
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The "shapeless stout woman" is getting scarce. She has found a remedy in "the famous Nemo "Self-Reducing" Corset.

It "makes over" your figure, giving you a better shape than you ever had, or ever expected to have; and reduces your abdomen so effectually that you can "take in" your skirts at least three or four inches.

There is a Self-Reducing

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| 312, for tall stout women | } \$3 |
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Every Nemo Corset is made with the Nemo "Triple-Strip Re-enforcement"—bones and steels cannot cut through.



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It will pay you to come and take a look at them.

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MEAT STORE IN GREENE COUNTY.

Having remodeled our store, we can
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The Best of Meats, Butter and Eggs,

Vegetables of Season,
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Fresh Bread Daily!!

Best Prices Paid for

Country Butter and Eggs.

Orders Given Prompt Attention.

C. H. Crouse,

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Ever since September,

And you well all remember

That you could not offend her

By getting candy here.

And to the members of the **Club**

We wish to give them thanks

For all the goods they bought here

Which they said would fill their tanks

And as we say Good-Bye to all,

We grant you much **Success,**

And when you come again this Fall

At **NAGLEY BROS.'** grocery store

Do not forget to stop and call.

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Bank B'ld'g, S. Main-st.,

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Millinery!

Our fashions are the latest

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Your Custom Solicited.

Special attention given C. C. Students!

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Staple and Fancy Groceries

Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.,

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**Fine, Fancy or Work Har-
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A complete Harness Shop

Model in all Respects.

See me for the Cheapest Prices and
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A Model Barber Shop.

Clean and Neat and Can't be Beat.

YOUR Patronage Solicited

Cecil Phillips, Barber.

Rufus McFarland, Prop.

4 W. Xenia ave, Barber Bl'k

Cedarville, = Ohio.

Just Received !!!

1 car load SALTY Salt

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Get posted about our Posts.

See us about Prices on all above
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Spring is Here

And Summer Coming.

Have your clothes fixed fine & stunning
Agent for the

Practical Garment Cleaning Co.,

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Give me ONE trial and you will be a
PLEASED CUSTOMER

Leave work "On The Corner" at

P. D. DIXON'S

THE "Oh You Kid" HABERDASHER.

When You Want a

Good Shiny Rig

Come !!!

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W. Main Street,

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J. W. JOHNSON, The Jeweler
For Commencement Presents of any sort.
Rings, Diamonds, Watches, Fobs, Chains, Silver=
ware, Cut Glass, Toilet Sets, Etc.

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"It pays to trade with a busy man"—B. Franklin.
We are not in business for our health, neither do you spend money
for the fun of it. The more business we have, the more money we
make and the more value you get for your cash. SEE?

Finney's Restaurant
John & Joe behind the counter.

Wm. GILES,

Merchant Tailor

Up-to-date Tailoring
Fit Guaranteed
Cleaning, Repairing, Pressing.
Buttons Covered=15c per doz.

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Carper's Model Clothing Store.

IN
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Is the place where Men and Boys are fitted out with the most "up-to-the-minute" styles in Clothing and Furnishings of rare quality, fit and workmanship containing all of the little knicks and artistic touches which makes his line distinctive, from the ordinary "ready-to-wear."

It will interest you to visit that
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From June 1st to July 1st

Will allow 10 per cent discount
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Watches, Diamonds,
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We are also leaders of Ladies' ready-to-wear clothing, millinery and shoes.

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